THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

December, 1805.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF LORD NELSON.

[With a beautiful appropriate Wood Engraving.]

NO apology, we apprehend, is necessary for departing from our general plan, and stepping aside to put into the hands of our fair readers, a little sketch of the Life and Victories of the HERO OF THE NILE; that when in after-times, their young descendants shall hear his name and exploits made a constant topic of domestic conversation, and shall hence be led eagerly to enquire concerning him, they may have an account at hand, in their sets of THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM, sufficient to gratify their curiosity, till they shall arrive at an age to trace the conspicuous figure that will be exhibited in the History of their Country.

HORATIO NELSON was born at Burnham-Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, on the 29th of September, 1758; consequently, was a few weeks above forty-seven years of age at the period of his ever-to-be-lamented death, October 21st, of the present year. His birth-place, which will ever hereafter be an object with posterity, with travellers foreign and domestic, was the Parsonage-House of the town above-mention-

ed, where his father, the Rev. Edward Nelson, was Rector. His mother was the daughter of Dr. Suckling, Prebendary of Westminster. The High-School at Norwich has the honor of being the first scene of his education, from whence he was afterwards removed to North Walsham, in the same county.

There is an exquisite source of pleasure arises to the intelligent reader of biography, in tracing the course of events which have conducted great characters to eminence. Mrs. Nelson's brother, Mr. Suckling, was Captain of the *Raisonable* man of war, of 64 guns, on board of which our hero was received by his uncle, in the year 1770, when he was twelve years of age, at the time that an immediate rupture was expected to take place between Great Britain and Spain, on account of the Falkland Islands: but this being adjusted, and the ship paid off, he was turned over to a merchant-ship trading to the West Indies, belonging to the house of Hibbert, Purrier, and Co. A circumstance rather curious is connected with the two years he spent in this service, which, as it is well authenticated, may serve to shew how little our own inclinations and designs contribute in many instances to our future fortune. He contracted a horror, he called it, of the service of a King's ship, which it required all his uncle's address and management to subdue, when, at the age of fourteen, he returned to him, now on board the *Triumph*, lying at Chatham.

We find, however, the native energy of his mind completely awakened soon after, by the next service in which he was engaged. The *Carcase* bomb-ketch had been ordered on a voyage of discovery towards the North Pole: the nature of this service required, it seems, that no boys should be received on board; nevertheless, such were the ardent entreaties of our young sailor, that the Captain, Lutwidge, could not finally refuse to admit him as cockswain in this difficult and perilous voyage, in which the hazards that were

were encountered, and the distresses that were endured, are well known; and from which he was never observed to shrink; but, on the contrary, constantly distinguished himself by his alacrity in meeting, and cheerfulness in enduring them. Many singular instances of his intrepidity and resolution are kept in remembrance, which occurred during this expedition. One we may mention, of his having been led to pursue a bear on the ice with his musket, till he had been drawn so far as to be unable to return to his ship, or find his way back that night. The anxiety of those on board was, however, relieved by his appearance the next morning, when, on being questioned what could engage him in so thoughtless a pursuit, he replied, "He wanted the bear's skin for a present to his father." Lord Mulgrave, who commanded this expedition, and who has been reflected on as backward to praise, could not withhold it from Nelson, and often prognosticated favorably concerning him.

Returning from the North Seas, his next birth was with Captain Farmer, in the *Sea Horse*, of 20 guns, in which he had an opportunity of visiting every part of our East India possessions. Ill-health obliged him to retire from this situation; and he was sent home by Sir Edward Hughes, and arrived at Woolwich, September, 1776, being exactly eighteen years of age.

He obtained an immediate appointment as Lieutenant on board the *Worcester*, of 64 guns, Captain Mark Robinson, commander, who quickly after sailed with a convoy for Gibraltar. In this service of convoys, which continued till the April following, he greatly increased his professional knowledge, and obtained, as he well deserved, the confidence of his officers. In the same month, having passed his examination as a Lieutenant, he was appointed Second Lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe*, of 32 guns, Captain Locker, with whom he proceeded to Jamaica. It is

impossible, in the compass of such a short memoir as this, to recount the many instances given of his uniform disposition, which afterwards raised him to such an unexampled pitch of glory in the line of his profession, namely, to engage in deeds of dangerous enterprise. In December, 1778, he first obtained a command. This was of the *Badger* brig, employed to protect the Bay of Honduras from the American privateers. In June, 1779, (his 21st year,) he obtained his post rank; and his first ship was the *Hinchinbrook*. In January, 1780, he commanded the expedition appointed for the reduction of Fort Juan, in the Gulph of Mexico, which, like his other undertakings, was completely successful. We may evidently perceive, in the military dispatches on that occasion, a laboring for adequate words to convey their ideas of Captain Nelson's irresistible mode of attack, being then only 22 years of age. But his exertions on this occasion, were ill-suited to his youth and the climate; and he was obliged, as before from the east, to return to England for the preservation of a life, that was afterwards to be so precious to his countrymen. The use of his limbs was restored by the salubrious waters of Bath, after about a three months residence there. In August, 1780, he was Captain of the *Albemarle*, in which his constitution was very much tried, being detained in the North Seas during the following winter. In 1782, he sailed with a convoy for Newfoundland and Quebec. He then joined the fleet under Sir Samuel Hood, at New York, and remained under him, it is needless to say, actively employed till the peace which took place in 1783, when his ship being paid off, he spent the intervening period till spring, 1784, in France. He was, however, quickly again in action, being sent with the *Boreas* frigate to the Leeward Islands, to prevent the illicit trade carrying on between them and the Americans, now become an independent power; a very irksome and unpopular service, especially

cially when discharged with spirited exertions, and a sacred regard to his duty, as was the case with Captain Nelson.

During his continuance on this station, in March, 1787, he was married to the worthy lady who has survived him, Mrs. Frances Herbert Nesbit, the widow of Dr. Nesbit, of the Island of Nevis, daughter of William Herbert, Senior Judge, and niece of Mr. Herbert, President, of that Island. In July following he returned to England; and the *Boreas* being paid off the latter end of the same year, he retired with his bride to enjoy the sweets of domestic felicity, at the Parsonage-House in which he first drew breath; an interval having passed from twelve years of age, full of the most active, painful, perilous services belonging to, or connected with, his arduous profession. How then, (as we are informed he did,) must he have relished an interval of peaceful occupations among rural amusements! This tranquil period was lengthened out to the space of six years; for though he offered his services when the affair of Nootka Sound occasioned a preparatory armament in 1790, yet we do not find him engaged till 1793, when he commanded the *Agamemnon*, of 64 guns, under Lord Hood, in the Mediterranean, who well knew his worth, and never failed, on every superior emergency, to cast his eye on Captain Nelson, as a man suited to his purpose; and these occasions occurred so frequently, that it became a saying at that time, "that Nelson had fairly worn out his ship, himself, and his crew." At the siege of Calvi, in this service, he lost the sight of his right eye, by some sand driven against his face with violence by a shot of the enemy. In 1794, Lord Hood was succeeded in the Mediterranean by Admiral (afterwards Lord) Hotham, who immediately succeeded to Lord Hood's opinion, and unlimited use of, Captain Nelson, who, on his part, went on increasing his reputation, by every means, and on every occasion; and

when, in 1796, Sir John Jervis succeeded to the same command, he directed a distinguishing pendant to be borne by Captain Nelson's ship. In May of that year, he was removed to the *Captain*, of 74 guns, in which he was engaged in unremitting services in the Mediterranean, in various places. As Commodore in these services, he rejoined his Admiral off Cape St. Vincent, where the glorious victory over the Spanish fleet was obtained, which confers a title of the most honorable kind on the noble Admiral who commanded on that occasion, who still survives to enjoy his well-earned fame, in which also our Commodore largely partook, being honored with the order of the Bath, the gold medal from his Sovereign, the freedom of the Metropolis, accompanied by every expression of respect and gratitude.

In April, 1797, we behold Sir Horatio Nelson, K. B. hoisting his flag as Rear Admiral of the Blue; and in the following month he was detached with a squadron, to attack the town of Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe, where it was that he lost his arm by a cannon-shot. After which he returned to England; and his Memorial of Service, as it is called, presented to the Admiralty, stated, that he had then been actually engaged against the enemy *one hundred and twenty* times; since which, his glory has received the stupendous addition of the Battle of the Nile—the Service at Copenhagen—the Delivery of the West Indies—and the Victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain; in the midst of which last, Death closed his unexampled achievements; the account of which must be reserved for, and ought only to be undertaken by, an historian whose fame shall soar as high, and spread as wide for literary merit, as that of the hero he celebrates shall for deeds in arms.

About the middle of the action fought with the combined fleet off Cape Trefalgar, on the coast of Spain, a musket-ball, fired from the tops of the ene-

my's ship with which he was engaged, grazed his Lordship's shoulder, and entering his left breast, passed through his lungs. He was immediately carried below, and continued to live about an hour, during all which time he remained perfectly collected, and displayed the same magnanimity in death which had marked his glorious life. A few minutes before he expired, he enquired how many of the enemy's ships had struck, and was answered fifteen, as nearly as could be ascertained; on which he gave thanks to the Almighty, and said, "I know I am dying. I could have wished to survive, to have breathed my last on British ground; but the will of God be done." With which words he expired. The following animated paragraph, which appeared in one of the public journals, seems to deserve transmission into a more permanent vehicle.

"In tracing this illustrious mariner, from the ardour of his boyish days, to the active magnanimity with which he closed his glorious life, the mind must be dazzled with the brilliant variety of his actions in every part of it. What danger has he not encountered? What hardship has he not suffered? On what seas has he not sailed? What climate has he not endured? What service has he not performed? What duty has he left undone? When it was his rank to obey, he had the confidence of his commanders: when he was advanced to command, he had the enthusiastic regard of those who obeyed him. The same promptitude of thought and resource, the same rapid movement, the same application of the best possible means to the ends he had in view, whether at the instant, or in expectation, seemed equally to operate in his mind, and to animate his genius in every situation, and in all the extraordinary emergencies of his professional life."

OLD

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXXVIII.

London.

"My dear indulgent Old Lady,

"BE pleased to accept the continuation and conclusion of my summer tour of pleasure. You can follow me in fancy as you sit in your elbow-chair; and your young readers, whether cooped up in boarding-schools, or tied to mammy's apron-strings, by giving the reins to imagination, may break through obstacles, and leap over space, till they get into the track I have pursued with so much satisfaction to myself, and, I will flatter myself, with some entertainment to others.

"But to begin where I left off in my last communication. The amusements at Brighton are so diversified, and the company so numerous, and so *very* polite, that it is impossible for any person, who has money and health, not to enjoy the scene. Young flirts, among whom you will, perhaps, rank myself, old duchesses, demi-reps of fashion, gay fellows just entering on life, and old beaux almost worn out of its books, in motley assemblage, fill this favored summer retreat, and seem anxious to outvie each other in extravagance and dissipation. Among the more *fashionable* amusements, riding *donkies* may of late be reckoned the chief; a proof that persons of rank and condition have learned humility, and that they know horses may be better and more profitably employed, than in being kept for their use. I had several pleasant airings on those *distinguished* animals; and though I found their tempers sometimes perverse and obstinate, like my own, I do not dislike their *manners*, or their *services*. I have heard, however, that a great financier has lately been making the tour of the watering-places, in order to ascertain their numbers, and to calculate if it be worth his pains to tax them. Should this take place, I should not be surprised to see cows trained for the saddle,

and

and our belles, like EUROPA, riding on a bull. In the revolutions of taste and fashion, the most extravagant conceptions may possibly be realized.

"Fatigued with the routine of engagements at Brighton, and yet unwilling to leave it, had not the calendar shewn us that it was time to move, we next took a glimpse of Worthing and Little Hampton, and a glimpse was sufficient, as we found nothing worthy of detaining us, after what we had already seen at places of superior note. As far, however, as bathing is an object, it may be as well performed in *privacy* as in a *crowd*; and people who require nothing more than ablutions, and wish to eat their mutton in quiet, may as well frequent these minor retreats as their more fashionable neighbour; but, for my part, I love an eternal racket; and would sooner live within the sound of the clack of a mill, if I could find nothing more eligible, than be doomed to absolute solitude and silence. To me, without the charms of society, and the bustle of amusement,

"Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
"And larks, and nightingales, are odious things."

Bognor is almost equally as uninteresting as the preceding. It forms an extensive assemblage of modern brick-built villas, which at a small distance appear like manufactories; and as they are calculated only for people of fortune, each inhabitant lives insulated from his neighbour, having no common bond of union to engage them in social intercourse. There is, indeed, an Assembly Room, from which you may look upon the never-ceasing waves; but as there is no shipping, the uniformity of the scene soon tires, and we long for something more animated to drive off *ennui*. As for Bognor Rocks, of which I had heard so much, they seem no larger than might be conveyed in a broad-wheel waggon; and though, perhaps, the experiment would be dangerous, a good stout vessel dashing against the lesser ones, would, to appearance, move them from their bases.

"Chichester

"Chichester and Arundel, in this vicinity, are both worth seeing. The castle at the latter, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, is a magnificent pile, and its decorations are almost unique. But I am getting into mere description; and as I do not mean to rival "The British Tourists," my favorite travelling volumes, I check my pen, and hurry on from Chichester, the birth-place of Collins, to Southampton, one of the prettiest and most lively towns in the kingdom.

"Here I was once more in my element. I seemed to breathe a purer air; and though, in point of fashionable accommodation, it is by no means equal to several other watering-places I have named, there is, nevertheless, a *je ne sçai quoi* in the *toute ensemble*, that extorts commendation in spite of me.

"We found Southampton pretty well filled, and spent a week very pleasantly in excursing in the environs, and taking a peep at Netley Abbey, and other places, where company either ride or sail, to fill up the pauses of local engagements.

"I profess no regard to monks or nuns, dead or alive, yet I was pleased with the situation of Netley; and had I the same agreeable party that accompanied us there, I should be pleased for the short time we staid, with the view of a farm-yard, and its cackling and grunting tenants. Indeed, my dear Lady, I feel that one place is nearly the same as another, as long as the same sun and moon lights them; and that the only difference lies in the society which may enliven them, and the amusements that one may command. Perhaps you will say, this is no new discovery; yet, as I never made it till lately, I presume that some others may still be equally as ignorant as I was. I fondly imagined, from habit, that it was impossible to enjoy oneself out of London; but though London, dear London! is still uppermost in my thoughts, I never wish to spend my summers amidst its hot bricks, nor to be blinded with the dust in its outlets.

"In

"In fact, I think I could pass a month very agreeably every season at Southampton, if allowed to chuse my company; and from the amenity of the situation, and the superior advantages it possesses, I really wonder it is not more frequented by the *haut ton*. Sailing here is a common and a pleasant amusement. We hired a vessel, and passing through Spithead, where we were gratified with the sight of several men of war riding at anchor, landed at Portsmouth; and by the civility of our friend, Captain F. were shewn all the lions of the place. I confess it is not *selon mon gout;* but it is very well adapted for its destination. Sailors never smell tar; or probably they may enjoy it as much as *we* do lavender water. I liked to see the gallant, thoughtless fellows; and I offended a gay red-coated hero, who attended us, by telling him, that I placed my chief dependence on "the sons of the waves."

"After visiting the Dock-yard, we put off again in our vessel, and landing at Ride, in the Isle of Wight, took the tour of that delightful spot. We met with many military friends in the Island, who shewed us the most polite attention; and, among the rest, dear Colonel B. whom I should prefer to any man I know, if I could make up my mind to live without a husband as often as the service of his country requires his absence. Heigho! Old Lady, you have passed all these vexations, and have nothing else to think of, but to say your prayers, and to go to bed when tired.

"During our stay in the Island we were in one incessant hurry. Objects crowded on objects, and new faces met us at every turn. It was at last with some reluctance I tore myself from the spot, though I affected to turn a deaf ear to the Colonel's warm professions. Poor fellow! he is since gone on a distant expedition, and will probably never see this ingenuous confession of his Rosa.

"At Yarmouth we hired another vessel to carry us to Lymington, of which place, as I cannot speak well,

well, I shall say nothing. We found in it a few old women, and superannuated gentlemen, who form a *charming* society for each other, and bless their happy stars, that they are so far removed from the haunts of fashion. Its vicinity, however, to the New Forest, makes the place desirable to those who are fond of trees: but as I do not class myself in the number, except when I want their shade, I shall refer you to Gilpin, and other writers on forest scenery.

"It was now time to hasten our return to town: and for this season, at least, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

"Yours,

"ROSA RHODIOLA RAMBLE."

ANECDOTE.

SOON after his MAJESTY's arrival at Weymouth, he rode out one morning a few miles from the town. His only attendants were General ——, and a groom. Having left them at some short distance behind, his MAJESTY entered a large field, in which he perceived but one solitary poor woman at work. With that condescension and benevolence which are the characteristics of true greatness, he enquired of her, "How it came that she was the only person employed, where there appeared so much business to be done?" The good woman frankly answered, "That she had forty companions; but they were gone to Weymouth to see the KING: but she knew her master would stop so much of her day's pay, as the time she should be absent would amount to, therefore she did not chuse to go." The KING, with his accustomed good humor, said, "As you did not go to see the KING, when your workmates return, you may tell them, the KING has been to see you;" and putting five guineas into her hand, rode off; leaving the honest countrywoman equally astonished as pleased with her illustrious but unexpected visitor.

CRAFT

CRAFT AND CRUELTY PREVAILING OVER JUSTICE.

[Concluded from page 312.]

THE friendly conduct of our worthy Captain rendered our voyage so truly pleasant, that we were concerned when it was brought to a close; and not satisfied with giving us our passage, he insisted upon our accompanying him to his house, where, he said, if we would spend a few days, he would conduct us to New York.

I had fortunately preserved Doctor C——'s letter, in which he had inserted Mr. Benson's address, the gentleman whom he had employed to make enquiries respecting my family; and from whose professional knowledge, he flattered himself, I should be restored to my just rights. Youth is too apt to form a judgment from outward appearances. My heart was palsied by the coldness of Mr. Benson's address: and, upon my informing him I was the lad in whose fate Doctor C—— had taken so warm an interest, he gazed upon me with a suspicious glance, which at once aroused my pride and indignation; and drawing my benefactor's letter from my pocket, I intreated him to peruse it, if he entertained the slightest doubt.

He took the letter, read it in silence, and folded it up with an expressive shake of the head. "Doctor C—— (said he) is an amiable character; but there is too much Quixotism in it for a man of his age; and he ought to have foreseen the impossibility of your having any claim upon your father's family, unless he had a certificate of his marriage, and of your birth."

"Is my grandfather still living, Sir?" I enquired in an eager accent. "He is one of my *oldest*, and, I may say, best friends; but he has a large family to provide for, and an expensive establishment to main-

tain: for though he holds a dignified employment, it is one to which few emoluments are attached. Upon the receipt of Doctor C——'s letter, I waited upon your grandfather; though he does not allow that you have any right to call him by that name, as he assures me, his son never was married, and forbade me from ever mentioning the subject to him again.

"Thus you perceive, young gentleman, (continued the artful attorney,) I am deprived the pleasure of fulfilling the wishes of Doctor C——: for every man ought to consider his own interest; and not, by interfering in the affairs of others, run the hazard of losing a friend. My advice, therefore, is, that you return *immediately* to England; for no advantage will arise from your remaining in New York."

I was so completely petrified by the cruel coldness of Mr. Benson's manner, that I was wholly incapable of making any reply; and had not an inherent principle of pride supported my spirits, I certainly should have burst into tears. Benson, at the close of his speech, had arose from his writing-table, and, with an unparalleled rudeness, opened the door. I availed myself of the hint, and bowing slightly, in an agony of grief, quitted the house.

Forlorn, friendless, and destitute of money, conceive what must have been the state of my mind; disowned by my nearest relations, and meeting with an enemy where I had expected to find a friend! The worthy Captain Allen, it is true, had offered me an asylum; but I could not support the idea of trespassing upon the friendship of such a man, whose numerous family rendered every shilling of importance; for he had five daughters and three sons. I walked a few yards from Benson's house, without knowing whither to direct my footsteps; and clasping my hands, I involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, God! when will my trials terminate? Am I always to be persecuted? always to be oppressed?" This apostrophe was overheard by an elderly gentleman, who, whilst the

the tear of humanity glistened in his benignant eye, gently touched me upon the shoulder, and, in a voice of kindness, bade me follow him. With a motion almost mechanical, I obeyed the mandate, and followed the stranger down two or three different streets, until we came to a spacious house, the door of which was immediately opened, and I was conducted into a small but elegant room.

Mr. Franklin (which was the name of this humane character) informed me, that the youthfulness of my appearance, and the expressions of sorrow I had uttered, had forcibly struck his heart; and, without asking a single question respecting the course of my misfortunes, he generously offered me the use of his purse. Though pride had checked my tears in the presence of the imperious Benson, yet, at this generous proof of humanity in a total stranger, I did not attempt to arrest their course; and, after yielding a few moments to the conflicting emotions that overwhelmed me, I expressed my acknowledgment in the most grateful terms; and informed this unexpected friend, I would make him acquainted with my history, if he would allow me to call upon him again in a couple of hours. He kindly offered me any refreshment; desired me to return whenever I pleased; and taking out his watch, said, he had an appointment, but that he should be at home again at the hour named. As I was following the steps of this amiable man, a new idea struck me, which was, to present myself before my grandfather, without apprising Benson of my design; for I thought it likely, he might have some interested motive in advising me to return to England again. This idea it was, that induced me to defer relating my history until after I had tried the effect of my new plan. Hope and fear alternately raised and depressed my spirits, as I directed my steps to Mr. Montgomery's house, the elegant appearance of which confirmed me in the idea of his being a very wealthy man. As I placed

my hand upon the knocker, my heart palpitated so violently, that I was compelled to make a slight pause; and taking myself to task for such unmanly agitation, my courage and resolution seemed suddenly restored; for, as I had never been guilty of any action that could disgrace my family, my heart told me I ought not to give way to boyish fears. I knocked smartly at the door, which was opened by a porter; and had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Montgomery was disengaged. Upon my name being demanded, I replied I was a stranger to the gentleman; but had business of some consequence to impart. I waited a quarter of an hour before I obtained an audience, when a footman conducted me through an elegant suite of rooms; and throwing open a door, I found myself in the presence of a venerable old gentleman, and a beautiful girl about sixteen.

An emotion entirely new, suddenly seized me. Nature, all-powerful Nature, exerted her influence over my mind, and I could scarcely resist her impulse, or avoid embracing my venerable grandfather's knees. The thought, however, of his having refused to acknowledge our relationship, and proclaiming a falsehood respecting my birth, instantly checked those reverential emotions, which the forcible ties of consanguinity had inspired, and slightly bowing, I apologized for intruding myself into the presence of a gentleman to whom I had not the honor of being personally known.

"You have business of importance, I understand, to communicate, young gentleman," said Mr. Montgomery, pointing to a chair which the servant had placed. "Of importance to myself, Sir," I replied, with embarrassment; "for I come to solicit protection and support." I paused—The tears involuntarily started. My voice faltered, and I was unable to proceed. "What claim can a total stranger have upon my protection?" enquired Mr. Montgomery, in an unconciliating tone of voice.

"You

"You had a son, Sir, (I replied.) That son was my father. Have I, or have I not, any claim upon you? My mother, my ill-fated mother, was possessed of a good fortune; but of that I am deprived by a villain, who believes me friendless and forlorn. I have quitted my native country: I have flown to you for protection; and on you alone my hopes of support and comfort rest."

"Oh, my dear grandpapa, do speak kindly to him, (said his amiable companion, observing a cloud of anger overspread his brow:) he is my uncle Henry's child, who, it was reported, died soon after he was born."

"Be silent, Ellen. Am I to be tutored by two children? Young man, (continued he,) it is true that I had a son, who, I have been informed, was married; but this I do not credit; for no proof of such a treaty ever could be found: but from the same channel that I received that intelligence, did I receive an account of the death of his child; and, unless you have substantial proofs to show of your being the legitimate offspring of that marriage, you can have no claim, no tie upon me."

"If my countenance bears no resemblance to that of a father's, whom I never had the happiness to know, I have no other proof, no other testimony to offer. Yet most assuredly I am General Montgomery's legitimate son; for I have heard my mother spoken of in terms so highly exalted, that she never could have been guilty of an action which would have tinged her cheek with shame."

"That declamation, (replied Mr. Montgomery,) is truly theatric: you must have studied your part extremely well, young man. With your mother's character I am totally unacquainted: but allowing that she was the most virtuous of her sex, yet it is necessary for me to have proofs of my son's marriage with her, and of your being born after that event."

Wounded to the quick by the sarcastic tone in which the former part of this speech was uttered, my powers of rhetoric completely failed; and, in spite of my endeavours to appear manly, I burst into a flood of tears. My amiable cousin instantly caught the soft infection; and, in the most persuasive accents, besought her grandfather to let his house be my home; saying, she was persuaded I told the truth, and that I was her relation; and if he refused his protection, I might want a bit of bread. Mr. Montgomery made no reply to these persuasive arguments, but sat silent a few moments, as if musing upon what had been said: then, in a tone of greater kindness, enquired what was my age.

"Fourteen," was the reply; which my appearance did not corroborate; for Nature had endowed me with an athletic form; and my countenance (which was allowed handsome) was so strongly marked by misfortunes, that it had completely lost the playfulness of youth. "Fourteen! Mark that, Ellen, (said Mr. Montgomery.) Did you ever see such a fine grown youth? I knew I should discover him to be an impostor. You had better depart, young man, if you wish to avoid being taken up: and the next time you endeavour to impose yourself upon a respectable family, let your years correspond with the story you invent."

Pride and pique aroused my passions, and I expressed the indignity of my feelings in the strongest terms; and drawing Doctor C——'s letter from my pocket, I informed him I was the boy whom Mr. Benson had mentioned to him many months ago. Mr. Montgomery's countenance was distorted by passion; and hastily rising, and ringing the bell, he ordered his servant to fetch an officer of justice to take me into custody; for that Benson had never even mentioned my name; and that Doctor C——'s letter was a mere forgery, for the purpose of aiding my iniquitous design.

Conscious

Conscious of my own innocence and integrity, I did not attempt to palliate his rage: but my amiable cousin prostrated herself on her knees, and besought her grandfather to have pity on me, or let Benson meet me face to face. Softened by the tears of my lovely pleader, he countermanded the order which he had given; but refused to send for Benson; though I joined my intreaties with hers; and, after warning me against a second imposition, he desired the servant to shew me the door.

Absorbed in a train of melancholy reflection, and overwhelmed by the cruelty of the treatment I had received, I directed my steps towards the benevolent Mr. Franklin's, feeling at the moment heartily sick of life. Here let me pause, to pay a tribute of gratitude to the memory of my first, my only real friend, who had early planted the seeds of religion in my bosom, whose cheering influence alone enabled me to support such accumulated distress; for so completely were my spirits sunk by the weight of misfortune, that but for the all-inspiring aid of religion, I should have been guilty of the blackest piece of vice. I had been taught to consider suicide as a crime of so black a nature, that even the thought of committing it struck an appalling terror upon my mind; yet, in spite of this impression, upon my quitting Mr. Montgomery's, I exclaimed, "For what purpose should such a forlorn outcast attempt to preserve life?" Scarcely had this unguarded expression escaped from my prophane lips, when fancy presented the image of Mrs. Darnley; and imagination worked so powerfully upon me, that I conceived I heard her expressive voice enquiring whether her precepts were forgot. Visionary as this idea, doubtless, was, it restored me to a proper train of thinking; and I implored the Almighty to endow me with greater strength of mind, humbly intreated pardon for an involuntary error, and fortitude to support the evils I was destined to sustain. The short ejaculation which I had

I had uttered in the fullness of my feelings, brought with it a consolation never to be effaced; for my heart seemed to be relieved from a load of anxiety, which the power of language can but faintly describe.

I ascended the steps which led to the seat of hospitality, with a foreboding of happiness long unknown to my breast, and I was immediately ushered into the presence of Mr. Franklin, who received me with a gracious smile. In brief terms I related my little history; and assigned the real motive for delaying it until after I had seen Mr. M—. For this delicate concealment I was applauded by Mr. Franklin; though my grandfather had proved himself undeserving such a mark of respect.

"Mr. Montgomery and myself are very different characters, (said Mr. Franklin;) therefore it is not wonderful that we should be of an opposite opinion in this case. I do not doubt the truth of a single circumstance you have told me: you are peculiarly unfortunate, and I am resolved to become your friend. If you understand mercantile accounts, I can be of essential service to you; for at the present moment I happen to be in want of a clerk." Gratitude inspired my tongue with expression; and in the strongest terms I endeavoured to paint the full emotion of my heart. "Say no more upon the subject; for I am a singular being, and judge mankind by their actions, rather than their words."

Fortune at length seemed tired of persecution; in a strange country I had unexpectedly found a friend, and a home; every pulse beat with joy; and I flew to the partner of my misfortunes, for the purpose of communicating to him the agreeable news. A seafaring life was the one Charles Heron by choice had selected: he offered his services to Captain Allen; they were readily received; and he furnished him with money to procure those necessary articles which a change of situation required.

I wrote

I wrote Doctor C—— an account of my adventures, and the cruel reception I had met with, both from my own family and his friend; but no answer arrived; and I felt confirmed in the opinion, that some fatal accident had happened to that amiable man. The kind, and, in fact, fatherly conduct of Mr. Franklin, would have rendered me completely happy in my new employ, had it not been for the supercilious haughtiness of his partner, whose behaviour was too overbearing for an independent mind to support. This gentleman had a son nearly of my own age, who, soon after my arrival, was taken into the house as clerk; but, either from a natural stupidity, or want of attention to business, he was continually getting into some scrape; and Mr. Franklin would frequently hold me up as an example to him, which never failed drawing upon me censure and reproof by Mr. Newton, which was the partner's name. I was accused of being attentive from policy, and merely for the purpose of prejudicing Mr. Franklin against this indolent boy: in short, both father and son seemed to have entered into a conspiracy, to make me resign the only means I had of preserving life. Supported, however, by conscious rectitude, I submitted to these repeated insults without murmur or complaint, until Mr. Franklin, exasperated by the manner in which he saw me treated, insisted upon young Newton's being discharged. A violent quarrel arose between the partners in consequence of this proposition; and at length I fell a victim to this party rage; for Mr. Newton declared he would dissolve the partnership, unless I was discarded from the employ.

As dissentions in so intimate a connexion were attended with the most painful consequences, Mr. Franklin prudently resolved to submit; though, upon my departure, he gave me the consolation of knowing my conduct had secured me a firm and attached friend. I had been upwards of five years with him

when

when this rupture happened; and had never heard from England during that time: he advised me, therefore, to quit America, for the purpose of discovering whether there was a chance of my ever recovering that property from which I was so unjustly withheld. To America, however, I was attracted by a magnet which it was impossible for reason or philosophy to repel; and though, by exposing myself to its view, I was laying a foundation for future misery, yet my senses were too far enslaved for me to be able to resist the charm.

Nature had given me a contemplative disposition, which had acquired strength in Adversity's hard school; and I made a practice of enjoying an early walk every morning before the business of the day commenced. I had adopted this practice for about five weeks, when I was accosted by a servant in an elegant livery, who, at the same time, presented me with a note, saying, that if I had any message to send in reply to it, he should be with me again in a quarter of an hour. The superscription was written in a hand so beautiful, that I gazed upon it some moments before I broke the seal; but it would be impossible for me to paint the various emotions which were produced by the following lines.

"Though fearful I am breaking through that barrier of delicacy, which every female ought strictly to observe, yet I cannot bear the idea of so near a relation feeling the pangs of want; for, in spite of my grandfather's opinion to the contrary, I am convinced that you are my uncle Henry's son.

"Let no false notion of delicacy, then, my dear cousin, prevent you from accepting the inclosed bill; it is what I have saved out of the allowance I receive for clothes and pocket-money, and I have a right to dispose of it as I please.

"If you are anxious to receive a personal assurance of my esteem, and wish to serve you, the servant

vant who delivers this letter, will conduct you to a spot where we can meet unobserved; but if you think I have been guilty of an impropriety, let me conjure you not to come. Adieu,

"My dear cousin,

"Yours sincerely,

"Ellen M——."

With transports of joy inexpressible, I pressed this estimable mark of delicacy and generosity to my heart, and impatiently waited the return of the servant, who, according to my lovely cousin's orders, conducted me to the spot. At our first interview, I had thought her the most beautiful piece of workmanship the hand of Omnipotence ever had formed; but I now beheld her in a light still more exalted; yet my tongue was unable to express the emotions of my heart; but tears supplied the place of expression, and perhaps were even more eloquent than words.

I accepted the precious boon, because I would not pain her by a refusal of a favour so humanely, so delicately bestowed; though Mr. Franklin had kindly prevented me from feeling the pangs of want. We conversed for more than one hour, which to me appeared scarcely a moment, upon the various misfortunes I had been doomed to sustain, when the sound of her repeating watch warned us that it was time for both to depart. As I gazed upon this lovely girl, my eyes involuntarily filled with tears of tenderness; my heart palpitated with an emotion entirely new; and though I knew it was an act of presumption, I implored her to let me see her again.

"I fear (said she) you ask what is improper; yet I scarcely know how to refuse; for you remind me so strongly of a beloved brother whom I lost about eighteen months ago, that whilst I have been conversing with you, I almost fancied I heard his harmonious voice." Not to tire the patience of my readers, we met again the following week; and so interesting

interesting to me became these interviews, that they actually seemed necessary to the support of life. The lovely inspirer of felicity seemed to derive equal pleasure from them; and this attachment increased with our growth, until each became sensible of the impropriety we had been guilty of; for, pure as was our passion, yet it existed without hope. Repeatedly did we resolve to tear ourselves asunder; yet as regularly found ourselves unable to keep apart; and when Mr. Franklin proposed the scheme of my quitting the country, I felt it a sacrifice due to the peace of that lovely girl.

To have proposed marriage, would have been the height of selfish imprudence. How could I bear the idea of reducing to a state of dependence, a girl born to shine in the most elevated sphere? And though I was able to support my own existence, yet my salary would not allow me to think of maintaining a wife. Hard was the struggle; yet honor pointed out its necessity. Hope whispered that Doctor C—— might yet be alive; and that in him I might find a friend and protector, who would stretch every nerve to restore me to my rights. The moment of separation arrived. Alas! it is never to be forgotten. With torture indescribable I gave Ellen a FIRST, and last embrace; and vowed that if fortune ever befriended my exertions, I would fly to America, and lay my treasures at her feet.

Nothing material occurred during my voyage; but at its termination, I received a death-stroke both to my hopes and my peace; for I heard that my only friend in England had expired of a malignant fever, a few months after he quitted his native shores. I resolved, notwithstanding, to consult an eminent barrister, to whom I related the principal events of my life; but as I had no papers to show, no friend to support me, he gave me no hopes of success. Still he offered to write to Darnley, threatening him with a public exposure, if he did not restore the property

he had so long withheld: but he was too deeply versed in law subtilties, to be alarmed at what he knew only to be a threat; and setting me and my friend at defiance, he desired him to proceed without loss of time. Thus, then, was I reduced to the necessity of again looking out for a dependent station; and as I was perfectly master of mercantile concerns, I had little difficulty in meeting with employment, and in that humble station I have now been upwards of three years. With my amiable cousin I have kept up a regular correspondence. She is married to a man both of fortune and rank; and the only consolation I have, is in reflecting, that I did not attempt to act dishonourably by that amiable girl; and in hearing that she has completely conquered an affection, which at one period seemed likely to embitter the happiness of her whole life.

ANECDOTE.

A SUFFOLK attorney, (a proof how many men are conscientious by halves,) who had as little regard to honesty and truth, as any of his fraternity of the lower order, was so very scrupulous of being denied by his servant as not being at home, that he gave to one of his garrets, which he made his more private study, the name of *Colchester:* and when any person called whom he wished not to see, the servants and clerks were ordered to say, "My master is gone to Colchester." However, this marked a true feature of his character—that his mind and heart never went farther than half of the truth, and the whole of an equivocation.

CONCEALMENT.

A TALE.

[Concluded from page 319.]

SEATED between two kindly attentive friends, who tried every means to raise her spirits by tender assurances of esteem and protection, Elinor soon recovered her natural cheerfulness, and when entering the gay Metropolis, to which she had hitherto been a stranger, gazed about her with wonder and delight. The elegant mansion of Lord Fitzmurray was a new source of pleasure to her. Contrasted with the lowly residence of poor Morris, it seemed a scene of enchantment; and the artless girl could not conceal that the change was most agreeable to her. The reception which Lady Fitzmurray gave our heroine, was kind, but not flattering; and Lionel, with something like indignation, observed, that it was more the effect of polite acquiescence to the Lieutenant's wish, than the spontaneous impulse of a benevolent heart.

Elinor being conducted by Morton, her Ladyship's confidential woman, to the housekeeper's room, was much abashed by the curious scrutiny of the servants, who contrived various errands to obtain a sight of the "new favorite:" and her anxiety was much augmented by the audible whispers which circulated concerning her. At the expiration of about two hours, Elinor was summoned to the parlour, to take leave of her generous benefactor, who saluted her with a paternal kiss on the cheek; exhorting her to be obedient and attentive to Lady Fitzmurray, who would not fail to reward her docility with every proper indulgence. Elinor turned her tearful eye towards her Ladyship; but the only encouragement she received, was a sort of condescending simper; while Lionel, gently stooping towards her, caught her hand, and pressing it tenderly, said, in a low voice, "If you have

have any thing to complain of, write to me." Then, as if afraid of being perceived, he said aloud, "I am afraid your kindness, my dear aunt, will too soon make Elinor forget us." "That can never be," exclaimed Elinor, with energy. Lionel returned her a look of rapture; but was restrained from making any reply, by the scrutinizing glances of Lady Fitzmurray. When the gentlemen withdrew, her Ladyship addressed Elinor with more affability. "You are not to be considered entirely in the light of a domestic, I find, (said she;) therefore I will make a few purchases for you this morning, that your appearance may be more suitable to your situation. Really, child, you have been much neglected." "I was left an orphan very young, Madam," replied Elinor, dreading further inquiries. From this fear, however, she was happily relieved by Lady Fitzmurray, who replied coldly, "Poor thing! So my brother told me: he seems very fond of you; yet I would caution you not to give way to any extravagant expectations on that account." Elinor was too ignorant of the world to understand the full extent of this hint; and soon, by her gentle, insinuating manners, prepossessed every one in her favor. Even the apathetic Lord Fitzmurray felt his heart expand with a glow of affection for the amiable orphan. Morton alone seemed to view our heroine with secret envy: she feared her ascendancy was beginning to totter, and scrupled not to insinuate to her Lady, that Elinor was not so artless as she appeared to be. With malignant curiosity, she questioned the timid girl concerning her family connexions; and her embarrassed manner of answering, afforded a stronger coloring to her suspicions. Unconscious of having given offence, Elinor at first endeavoured to conciliate the haughty Abigail; but finding all her efforts unsuccessful, she gave up the attempt. The melancholy gloom which usually darkened the brow of Lord Fitzmurray, ever fled before the lively sallies of Eli-

nor: her melodious voice had the power to soothe his ruffled spirits; and he insensibly relaxed from his solitary studies, to beguile his thoughts by listening to her sprightly chit-chat, or sweet rustic ballads. The worthy Lieutenant, and his enamoured son, perceiving her so happily situated, departed with less reluctance: and Lionel, with the consent of his father, plighted his faith to Elinor, with all the ardour of youthful disinterestedness.

They had been absent about three months, when the young Lord Rosslin returned from College: He was his mother's idol, and the object of his father's fondest hopes. Possessed of every personal attraction, and heir to an ample estate, the young man had found too many parasites, for him to remain ignorant of his advantages; yet his disposition was not unamiable; and, but for the contagion of immoral examples, he might have acquired an unblemished reputation. The unaffected charms of Elinor soon excited his warmest admiration; and he felt too conscious of success, to take any pains to disguise it. Lady Fitzmurray remonstrated warmly with him on the subject, and represented to him, in lofty terms, the disgrace he would reflect on his family, by persevering in an *honorable* attachment to one, who, if even respectably born, had neither rank nor fortune to authorise her introduction to nobility. Heedless of these arguments, Rosslin essayed his most insinuating arts to win the affection of Elinor. He was too fascinating to be an object of dislike; and she soon, with the ingenuousness so natural to her, assured him, that she felt a sincere regard for him, which her gratitude to his kind parents, in her idea, authorised. Rosslin, highly gratified by this acknowledgment, was thrown off his guard, and declared his passion in such explicit terms, that Elinor, for the first time, rightly understood his meaning. She then explicitly declared to him, that her affections were fixed irrevocably on his cousin: and this she did with such animation

animation and fervor, that it almost annihilated his hopes. A little consideration, however, determined Rosslin to persevere. He condemned his own pusillanimity, and determined to possess her person, if he could not command her affections; and having been accustomed from an infant, to make his mother the dupe of her blind partiality, his fertile genius now suggested a scheme, which he doubted not would be attended with the desired effect. This was to feign an alarming illness. He rejected food, complained of violent head-achs, and gave way to a degree of apparent languor, which terrified the Countess, lest she should be deprived of this only hope. To the physician who attended him, he declared, that it was not in the power of medicine to afford him relief; for that it was the anguish of his mind which preyed upon his spirits, aad would ultimately destroy his constitution. Lady Fitzmurray, who was well acquainted with the cause of these complaints, consulted with the Earl on the subject; and parental affection obtained a complete triumph over the pride of ancestry. The Earl, who beheld in Elinor, a female possessed of every requisite likely to make his son happy, yielded with the less repugnance. He had been, in his early years, the victim of ill-judged pride; and the sad recollection of his past sufferings, softened his heart to treat with lenity the error into which Rosslin had fallen. "But how (said he) can we justify this proceeding to Manners? His boy has a prior claim; it will be unjust, it will be base." "Nonsense! (replied Lady Fitzmurray.) These scruples, my Lord, argue but little affection for your son. Lionel cannot love the girl with such fatal ardour as our Rosslin. Besides, the duties of his profession will gradually erase from his mind this first disappointment. Who knows but absence may have already made him inconstant?" "Well, well, (returned the Earl,) I yield, if you can prevail on Elinor." "A word from you, my Lord, will secure

her acquiescence." "It is a painful task. But since all our happiness is at stake, I will comply. Send the girl to me."

Lady Fitzmurray was too politic not to make every necessary preparation. With her handkerchief in her hand, she stalked majestically to Elinor's apartment, and throwing herself into a chair, burst into an agony of tears. Elinor, shocked at the sight, stood trembling beside her; and, in gentlest accents of inquiry, begged to know the cause of her distress. "Elinor," cried the Countess, wildly gazing at her, and grasping her hand with violence, "my son is lost to us for ever." "Heaven forbid, Madam," ejaculated Elinor, with a look of deep concern. "Is the Viscount so very ill?" "He is given over by his physicians. You alone, dear Elinor, have power to save him." Elinor, dismayed, retreated a few paces. "You start, girl. Is my son so hateful to you?" "Ah, Madam," replied Elinor, faltering as she spoke, "I cannot hate Lord Rosslin: but indeed, indeed, he should not require me to love him." "Oh, Elinor," cried the Countess, throwing her arms round her, and bending as if with the intention of kneeling, "Can you be so obdurate? Look but on my lovely boy, in the prime of youth, sinking to a premature grave, the victim of a hopeless passion. Behold me, his mother, heart-broken, kneeling to you for pity. The Earl, too; his mind will never recover the shock which the death of this too dearly loved son will occasion." "What a horrible picture do you present to me!" replied Elinor. "Can such an abject, insignificant being as I am, be the cause of all these dreadful evils? Surely, Madam, the Earl is overcome by his present terrors, and would urge a measure which his serious judgment must condemn." "Hear what he has to say," returned the Countess, drawing her towards the door: "you will find he is even a warmer advocate for his son than I am." Elinor suffered Lady Fitzmurray to conduct her to the library:

library: the Earl was pacing it with agitated looks. Perceiving Elinor, he held out his hand. He spoke not; but one glance of his eye thrilled to the soul of the susceptible Elinor; it was an appeal to her generosity, which filled her with an emotion she could not account for; and she wept over the hand which she pressed to her lips. "You comply then?" said he, drawing her towards him with an affectionate embrace. "Sweet girl, I know how to value the sacrifice." "Sacrifice!" repeated the Countess, with an inward dissatisfied tone. Elinor did not notice it; but, fearful of being too hastily drawn into a promise which she secretly shuddered at, she said, "My Lord, forgive me if I appear insensible to the honor you would confer on me. My own happiness I would sacrifice to preserve that of friends to whom I owe so many obligations; but I am not entirely at my own disposal. My earliest benefactor must decide for me." "We will write to him immediately. Only speak comfort to poor Rosslin: promise him that you will be his, if his cousin will yield his claim." Elinor, thinking it an innocent artifice to wear the appearance of consent, calmly bowed submission; and Rosslin received the information with a rapture which soon wrought a material change in his appearance. A letter was dispatched to the Lieutenant; and Elinor wrote by the same post to Lionel, in which she assured him, that her acquiescence was merely occasioned by the dread of appearing an ingrate; and that if he still persisted in wishing her to ratify her first vows, no consideration should induce her to break them." Two months of anxious suspense passed away. Rosslin was restored to his former health and spirits; and Elinor, now that her feelings were no longer subordinate to pity and solicitation, shuddered at the thought of relinquishing her dear Lionel. A letter at length arrived from Jamaica: it was the Lieutenant's writing, and addressed to Elinor. She broke the seal with trepidation; and eagerly running

her

her eyes over the contents, fainted away. While the Earl and Rosslin were endeavouring to revive the unhappy girl, Lady Fitzmurray caught the letter up, and read it with a smile of triumph. It contained these words.

"Elinor,

"My congratulations on your good fortune would be expressed with the warmth of sincere pleasure, but that I fear ambition has led you into an error which you may hereafter repent. It is needless to ask my consent to a measure which it seems is already decided upon. Neither have you occasion to fear that any selfish views could induce me to mar your brilliant prospects. Lionel has not at present leisure to write to you so explicitly as he wishes; but desires me to tell you, that your happiness is his only care; and begs that you will from this moment hold yourself absolved from any engagement to him. With this I must add, that you are no longer to consider me possessed of any authority; your own discretion must be your guide. With respects to the Earl and Lady Fitzmurray, I subscribe myself your sincere friend and well wisher,

"B. Manners."

Elinor no sooner recovered her recollection, than she asked to see the letter. Again she perused it; but with less violent emotion. When she had finished, she raised her eyes to the Earl, and beheld him observing her with a countenance of impressive earnestness. "Well, Elinor," cried Lady Fitzmurray, "how do you decide now?" "I have deceived myself, I find, Madam," replied she with a starting tear. "However, since I am so readily resigned, I know my duty." Rosslin eagerly caught her hand; and pressing it fervently to his lips, expressed his joy in the most enthusiastic manner: while Elinor, ignorant

of

of the deception which had been practised to ensnare her, and swelling with indignation at the cold indifference of Lionel, replied to his tender effusions with tolerable complacency. One anxiety, however, still harassed the mind of Elinor; and she determined, without delay, to acquaint the Earl of every circumstance which had been hitherto concealed. It was some time before she had an opportunity of speaking to him alone, as the Countess seemed to watch her with cautious vigilance: and a secret dread of her reproach or censure, made her fearful of imparting to her, what she apprehended would forfeit her friendship and protection for ever. An opportunity at length occurred; and Elinor timidly entered into an explanation of her real situation. "I tremble, my Lord," said she, "lest I should incur your displeasure in what I am about to relate. A mistaken zeal in my behalf, induced the worthy Lieutenant to impose on you with a fictitious tale of my birth. I am no officer's child, my Lord! I am a poor, unknown foundling. Base, indeed, should I be, to take advantage of your generous condescension, and continue a deception which has ever been painful to me." "Amiable candour," said the Earl, taking her kindly by the hand, "I esteem you more than ever: you are, indeed, worthy to be my daughter.—But tell me, Elinor, how did Manners get knowledge of you?" "I was placed beside Lionel in a cradle. Heaven seemed to have destined us for each other. Old Morris has often said so when he held us on his knee, and bade us clasp each other round the neck." "Morris!" repeated the Earl, starting. "Did he live in ——— Village?" "Yes, my Lord: I was nursed there." "How old are you?" "Eighteen, my Lord." "Powers of mercy! it must be," cried the Earl, gazing on her with astonishment, which shook his whole frame. Then striking his forehead, he cried, "Hold; I must not be too precipitate.—Will you ring the bell, my love?" Elinor obeyed him in silent wonder.

der. The servant entered. "Send Morton," cried the Earl. Then, as if recollecting himself, he turned to Elinor, "Have you any sort of memorial, child?" "I have a note which was left with me, my Lord, and my baby linen." "Fetch it! for the love of Heaven, fetch it directly!" exclaimed the Earl. Elinor hastily quitted the room; and when she returned, heard Lord Fitzmurray angrily vociferate, "Vile woman! dare you persist in such a falsehood?" When Elinor entered, the Earl turned towards her, "Let this living evidence confront you. This is the girl: behold the vouchers she now produces." Morton no sooner perceived the cap and frock, than she sunk at his Lordship's feet. "Wretch!" cried he, "how do you presume to hope for mercy? This instant confess the motives which urged you to practise this deceit, or your punishment shall be exemplary." "Oh, my Lord," cried the distracted creature, dreading to meet his indignant glances, "promise me pardon, and I will confess." "My Lord, what does this mean?" asked the terrified Elinor. "Who am I? What am I, to create all this interest?" Her voice calmed every angry passion in the breast of the Earl. His eyes filled with tears; his voice grew tremulous; and rushing towards Elinor, he clasped her to his bosom, sobbing, "My child—my child—I am, indeed, thy father." Elinor, almost wild with astonishment and delight, alternately embraced the Earl, and intreated an explanation. "It is of that woman you must demand it," replied Lord Fitzmurray. "She has asserted that you died in infancy, and I was such a credulous fool as to trust to her word." At this moment Lady Fitzmurray entered. She turned pale when she beheld the prostrate Morton, and, incapable of speaking, stood irresolute how to proceed. "You are come in time," said the woman sullenly, "to take the blame off of my shoulders." "What means this rudeness?" said Lady Fitzmurray. "It means, Madam," replied Morton,

Morton, "that you must satisfy my Lord, that it was by your desire that I reported the death of his child." Rage, terror, and shame, now shone conspicuous in the features of the Countess. "The creature is mad!" cried she, stamping her foot. "I am not mad now," observed Morton, insolently; "but I was when I first betrayed my Lord's secret to you. But the murder is out now; so it would be as well to confess with a good grace: for here is the young lady herself come to confront us." "My Lord," said Elinor, mildly interfering, "permit me to retire. When alone with Lady Fitzmurray, she will, doubtless, explain particulars to your Lordship's satisfaction." "Leave us then, my love," returned the Earl: "I will soon send for you. This altercation must wound your delicacy." Lady Fitzmurray tossed her head disdainfully; and Elinor quitted the room.

The Earl remained in conference with his lady above an hour, after which Elinor was summoned to appear in the library. She perceived that the Countess had been weeping. The Earl led his daughter to the Countess, saying, "I know the goodness of your heart, my Elinor, too well, to doubt your generous forgiveness of one to whom I am so closely allied, that it is scarcely possible to attach disgrace to her character, without involving myself and son. A few mistaken prejudices have occasioned the Countess to act unjustly by you: she is now deeply concerned for her error, and is ready to make every atonement, by a sincere acknowledgment; and is willing to receive you with the affection and respect due to my daughter." Elinor extended her hand to Lady Fitzmurray, whose cheeks were suffused with a glow of confusion. She embraced our heroine with apparent satisfaction; and immediately retired. "I will now, my dear child," said the Earl, seating Elinor beside him, "unravel to you this domestic mystery. During my minority, I was

captivated

captivated by the charms of your mother, who was the daughter of a tradesman retired from business upon a decent competence to the village of ——. The ambitious views of my family were well known to me, and I dreaded to disobey. Elinor, fondly attached to me, and uninfluenced by any ambitious motives, consented to a private marriage, which I, in the indiscreet ardour of youth, proposed. For a short time, I enjoyed the most perfect happiness. I waited only to be of age, to acknowledge my lovely wife; and wanted but a twelvemonth of that wished-for day, when Elinor was deprived of a parent she most tenderly loved. The grief this incident caused her, with the anxiety of her mind on my account, occasioned a premature birth of the infant which was to call me father: and in giving you to the world, my Elinor died. I received the dreadful intelligence while attending my father in the north. Morton, who was your mother's confidential servant, dispatched the melancholy tidings to me; and I framed a ready excuse to hasten to the spot, where I paid the last sad offices to my beloved Elinor. As my stay must necessarily be short, and my situation then particularly critical, I consulted with Morton how to dispose of the child. Morris, who had been nursery-maid in several families, undertook to take care of the child, and promised to keep its birth a secret in the village. This I believe she scrupulously performed. Fearing, at length, that the existence of the child would be discovered by some of the prying neighbours, and fearful that her character might be injured thereby, she requested my permission to entrust the care of the child to Dame Morris, who, she assured me, would do it justice, and treat it with maternal attention. The first impression of joy and grief being blunted by dissipation, I assented; and the letter was written which you have just produced. I frequently remitted money for the nurse, of which I now find she was basely defrauded by Morton, in

whose honesty I placed too implicit dependance. Being urged by my family to marry the accomplished Miss Manners, and having now no motive for a refusal, our hands were joined; and in the fascinations of my admired wife, I forgot for a time my solicitude concerning my little Elinor. The death of my father leaving me at liberty to act as I wished, I should have sent for you home; but that, just at this critical period, I had the flattering prospect of being presented with a new claimant on my affection; and I feared your introduction just then, would be considered as an intentional slight, which Lady Fitzmurray might be justly offended at. I recommended Morton to her service; and the longer I delayed revealing the secret to my lady, the stronger my apprehensions grew, that the communication might make her unhappy; in which supposition I was confirmed by the insinuations of the treacherous Morton, who was fearful of my detecting her dishonesty. The birth of a son (a blessing I had anxiously wished for) filled me with a degree of rapture which made me receive with indifference the account of your death: a falsehood, fabricated between the artful Morton and my wife, to whom she had betrayed my secret. And now, my dear girl, can you forgive the unkind neglect which has caused you to be so long withheld from your rights?"

"My dear Lord," cried Elinor, throwing herself into his arms, "talk not to me of forgiveness; nor think I seek any thing beyond the blessing of a father's affection. Oh, my Lord, I shudder at the horrors in which this fatal concealment might have involved us!" "True, my dear," replied the Earl: "mystery is too often attended with dreadful consequences. Integrity and candour are our best supporters through life. Let the motive be what it will, concealment is hardly to be justified. But we must write to Manners." Elinor turned away her head, and a tear trembled in her eye. "They have

abandoned me," said she. "Lionel thinks me mercenary and capricious." "He shall be undeceived," replied the Earl. "Lady Fitzmurray, in her zeal to do you justice, and make amends for her past fault, has confessed, that she suppressed your letter to my nephew; and substituted one, in which she represented you as solicitous to be released from your engagements. But you look grave, my Elinor. It was a cruel fraud, I acknowledge, and nothing but the extreme of maternal partiality can justify it; but I have promised that you will forgive it for your father's sake." A request thus tenderly urged, Elinor could not withstand, and accordingly promised that the past should be buried in oblivion; satisfied that Morton should receive her discharge immediately, the only punishment she desired to inflict on her greatest enemy. Rosslin received the account of the recent discovery with astonishment: he was ashamed of the trick he had played, and begged to be sent on his travels as soon as possible. Previous to his departure, he entreated Elinor's pardon for the distress his ungoverned passion had occasioned her; assured her of his fraternal regard; and promised to wait at Deal for Lionel, that he might justify her in his opinion, by a candid recital of every particular. In this he faithfully kept his word. The ship commanded by Captain Manners arrived in a few days; and Lionel wanted little persuasion to believe his Elinor faithful. As soon as they could leave the ship, they hastened to town, accompanied by the exulting Morris, whose honest heart vented itself in rapturous exclamations. Lionel would not hear of his young cousin quitting England on his account; he entreated him to delay his tour till the marriage was performed, which Rosslin with difficulty agreed to; and, animated by the generous friendship of his cousin, he promised to make him the model of his future conduct. Lady Elinor was portioned by her father, and her establishment was such as did honor

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to the liberality of the Earl. In the splendour of her exaltation, Lady Elinor forgot not the duties of social life, but presented to the circle in which she was destined to move, a bright pattern of filial piety and conjugal fidelity. Lord Rosslin, abjuring his early errors, conducted himself in a manner which proved him not unworthy of his father's title; and obtained the hand of a lady whose alliance was deemed an honor to the family of Fitzmurray. The worthy Morris was pensioned by the Earl; and remained in the household of his revered lady till his death; and to his last moments, blessed the hour when humanity urged him to protect the deserted orphan.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

THOUGH I am by no means a convert to the late Mrs. Godwin's sentiments, or could ever admire a female who was destitute of that softness which peculiarly characterizes the sex, yet I perfectly agree with her in opinion, that childish timidity can only be the concomitant of a weak mind.

I had the misfortune, Mr. Editor, to be left guardian to two young ladies; (I hope your fair readers will pardon me for making use of the term;) but, in fact, one of them so completely harassed my spirits by playing off her womanish caprices, that I soon became heartily sick of my charge. I had undertaken a trust, however, which could not be relinquished. My petticoat tormentor wanted near four years of coming of age. Her sister, who was about fifteen months her senior, had been so long accustomed to her imaginary dread of danger, that she heard her screams with as much composure as she would the mewing of a cat.

As, during the life of their respected father, my wards had always been accustomed to spend six weeks every summer by the sea side, I did not like the idea of their being deprived of an excursion, that might at once contribute both to amusement and health; and though I had not the slightest inclination for the journey, I resolved to accompany them to P——. Scarcely had the carriage driven out of the avenue, and was bowling along upon as beautiful a piece of road as ever was seen, when my young lady thought it would be adviseable to begin playing off her artillery of starts, twitches, and screams; and if the wheel passed over a stone the size of a walnut, her body was thrown three parts out of the window, imploring John to spare her life.

My patience being nearly exhausted by the repeated exclamations of "Oh, dear Sir! we shall be killed! Do, let us get out of the carriage! Eliza, for Heaven's sake, let down the glass!" and a thousand other marks of apprehension, where, in fact, no danger occurred, I enquired of my rational companion, whether this lump of weakness and affectation ever had been overturned; or whether John was a careless driver, or had ever given any just grounds for these womanish fears.

With a smile of good humour, Eliza informed me, her sister was, in fact, under no alarm; but that she merely thought it a proof of delicate sensibility, to appear agitated by apprehension, and overwhelmed by fear. Now, Mr. Editor, as your work is allowed to be a channel for instruction, I wish you would offer a piece of advice to those sentimental girls, who think themselves privileged to annoy with impunity, both their relations and friends; and do, Sir, tell them, that a woman's screams, so far from sounding harmonious, are as discordant to the ear as the shriek of an owl.

A journey begun under such an unfavorable appearance, was not likely to prove productive of much rational

rational delight. I found a very comfortable house, however, ready prepared for us, at the corner of Marine Parade; and we were quietly taking our coffee, when I was perfectly electrified by another scream; and turning my head, I perceived Miss Sophia perched upon one of the chairs "A mouse!—A mouse!—Oh, Eliza! I certainly shall expire!"

Eliza composedly arose from the table, and picked up a small bunch of flue, which the air of the door had put into motion, and this sentimental young lady converted into a mouse. To have talked reason to one entirely under the dominion of folly, would have been fruitless. The next morning, however, Miss declared her resolution of going into the sea. I was accordingly prepared for some vagary; and spoke to the favorite of Neptune, the celebrated Mrs. Gunn. To have bathed exactly at the hour chosen by other females, would not have answered my ward's design, who, to do justice to the works of Madam Nature, certainly was a beautiful girl. She was resolved those admirable lines in Gray's Elegy should never be applied to her case;

"How many flowers are born to blush unseen,
"And waste their sweetness in the desart air!"

for, to render herself conspicuous, appeared to be the first object of her pursuit. She accordingly did not chuse to commit her fair person to the briny element, until every other female had bathed; and this under a pretence of delicacy, least her immaculate figure should be seen. The tide happened to be rushing out rapidly; a strong wind blew from the shore; and whilst Madam Gunn was waiting to receive her precious burden, both horse and machine were taken off the ground. In such a situation there was some policy in screaming. I happened to be walking upon the beach, and instantly offered one of the drivers half-a-guinea, to fix his horse to the back of

the machine. My young lady had a glorious fright: the beach was crowded with spectators; amongst the number one whose attention I knew she wished to engage; but fear had not been an imaginary sensation, and the lily had completely supplied the rose's place. Still her folly had answered the purpose of rendering her conspicuous. I hastily drew her hand under my arm; and reproached her so severely for the weakness of her conduct, that she burst into a violent flood of tears; and as I spoke rather in an audible accent, I heard myself loaded by those who followed us, with the appellation of a churlish brute.

When a woman's tears are the effect of wounded feeling, they produce, I acknowledge, an uncomfortable sensation about my heart; therefore, upon arriving at home, I cordially embraced her, telling her jocosely, it was more than she deserved. As I consider the sea one of the most sublime objects in Nature, I anticipated much pleasure from walking upon its sands, or I ought rather to have used the term shingles, which, in spite of the pleasure I derived from the surrounding prospects, terribly annoyed my feet. In these rambles, I was attended by my favorite Eliza, whose contemplative mind derived a secret satisfaction from a walk; but as sure as her sister joined us, some vexatious circumstance regularly occurred. She either tormented us, by anticipating the unexpected return of the tide; or she fancied she saw a storm gathering, which would wet us to the skin: or a fisherman's dog, who trotted harmlessly by the side of us, she thought looked as if going mad. In short, by some piece of girlish folly, or imaginary danger, she completely destroyed the pleasure we should have derived from our morning walk.

A sister of my ward's father, proud of her niece's attractions, instead of endeavouring to repress these marks of folly, encouraged them by her remarks; and the delicacy of Sophia's nerves, and the refinement of her sentiments, afforded a general subject

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for discourse. I forgot, Mr. Editor, to mention a never-failing resource of these nervous ladies, namely, that most affecting of all diseases, known by the appellation of hysteric fits, which Miss Sophia, in case of extraordinary agitation, always kept in store as a dernier resort. This famous auxiliary, for a length of time, answered the desired purpose, and alarmed her sister to the greatest degree; but the penetrating powers of a good understanding displayed these master-pieces of female artifice in their proper light.

Our sleeping rooms in the house we occupied, happened to be upon the same floor: a powdering closet divided them, which my wards, and myself, jointly used. Sophia was completely adorned for a public entertainment, whilst Eliza was in the closet decorating her hair, when her sister rushed into the little apartment, exclaiming, "Oh, Eliza! there is a spider in our bed-room! I shall certainly go into a fit!"

"For Heaven's sake, my dear Sophia, then go into your own chamber; for the powder will certainly spoil your bombazeen," replied the unagitated Eliza, in a cheerful tone of voice: and though, Mr. Editor, it may appear an exaggeration of female folly, I assure you, on my honor, this prudent young lady calmly followed her sister's advice, and, with great presence of mind, walked out of the closet, seated herself in a comfortable arm-chair, and began to scream, "Oh, the spider! the spider! Will no one take the hideous creature out of my sight?"

Having accidentally overheard the preceding dialogue, I insisted upon it that Eliza should not move; and calmly told the pretended sufferer, that if she screamed until midnight, the insect should not be touched; but that if she really had an antipathy to it, I would remove it, on condition that she held her tongue. Madam would not, however, easily relinquish her sex's prerogative; but exalted her voice to a still louder key, until she had assembled every ser-

vant into the room. Regardless of their consternation, I deliberately poured out a tumbler of water, and threw it unceremoniously in the young lady's face; who then had a new idea to occupy her attention; namely, the injury which her dress had received; and after a few sobs, occasioned by the sudden coldness of my remedy, she retired to make the necessary preparation for the ball.

In relating a positive matter of fact, I cannot help fearing, Mr. Editor, that the greater number of your readers will pass the same compliment upon me which I received when conducting my ward from the bathing machine; or, in other words, that they will load me with the degrading appellation of a brute. Allow me, however, to say, in my own justification, that a masculine woman is more disgusting to me than an effeminate man. Nature has marked a striking distinction between the characters; and timidity, when under proper direction, is an ornament to the sex.

There is something endearing in the thought of protecting a female; but not from the attack of a spider, or a mouse: yet I allow it possible, that antipathies may so completely overpower the reasoning faculties, that a man who would face the mouth of a cannon, will fear a beetle upon a wall. It is not, therefore, against antipathies that I mean to level censure, but against those childish fears which actually degrade the sex; and, instead of rendering the female character respectable, attach to it a mixture of disapprobation and contempt.

Mrs. Godwin's Rights of Women was evidently written for the purpose of showing her own sex the folly of yielding to imaginary fear: though, if they were implicitly to follow her instruction, they would destroy the charm which imperceptibly engages our hearts; and, instead of viewing them as lovely objects, claiming tenderness and protection, we should consider them as rivals, attempting to rob us of our privileges and rights.

A GUARDIAN.

MARY.

THE toils of the day were ended; the waving treasure had been doomed to droop beneath the hand of the reaper. Mary returned to her cottage, loaded with a sheaf of gleanings, gathered by the tender hand of her darling child, whose innocent prattle gave relief to every moment of despair, and taught her to be grateful to the Ruler of Fate, for his bounty in allowing her the blessings of health, to be able to labour for the support of her beloved Anna. On approaching the cottage, Anna jumped about her in all the extravagance of joy. Her mother, smiling on her innocent, turned the key, and they entered the peaceful mansion. Ye glittering children of grandeur, turn your eyes from the fatal splendour of your giddy vortex, and here behold the enviable Mary. No friend, no companion at her home; she enters with a countenance crowned with smiles, drawn forth by the artless efforts of her child. She views the humble ornaments of her habitation as her friends: she feels resignation inspired by hope; is happy through contentment. Contentment, thou jewel of poverty! when shall ambition enjoy thy blessings, or power own thy peaceful dominion? not until ambition and power shall be buried in the wreck of the creation.

Mary's happiness and worth were even visible in the simple neatness of her cottage: cleanliness and taste were the simple substitutes of wealth and shew. Constant attention to it, rendered its little necessary duties an easy task; so that when she returned from her daily toil, she had little to demand her further exertions. She trimmed her fire, and enjoyed with her Anna, a merited refreshment. A watch hung at a corner of the chimney-piece; she looked at it, to see the time of night; but perceived that it stood, although she thought she recollected winding it up in the

the morning: taking it down, and opening the case, her finger slipped from the spring, and the sudden jerk threw the watch on the ground. She gave a frantic scream, clasped her hands, and gazed on it in despair. It had been *William's:* He gave it to her at their last parting. Anna, trembling, advanced to take it up. She tried to bear it to her mother; but her agitation was so great, it fell again to the ground. Mary could have been angry at her child; but she looked on its face, and felt her heart melt with affection. She clasped her in her arms, and sobbed in anguish. "Anna, (said she,) it was your father's!" After the pangs of self-accusation had subsided, she took it from the ground, and finding it more damaged than her hopes had taught her to believe, she burst into new expressions of sorrow. She cast herself on her bed, and, with Anna in her arms, found relief in a torrent of tears. Fatigue courted the balms of sleep, and they were unconsciously lulled into repose.

William had been absent three years, exalting the naval character of his country. At various times he had distinguished himself by his intrepid courage; and though possessed of infinite skill in naval tactics, fortune had never afforded him the means of employing it. At length too he was deserted by his good fortune in battle; he was compelled to leave the service, with no trophy of his victories—no laurel—but his wounds.

After having been six months in an hospital, he had been so skilfully attended, that he thought himself able to travel with the help of a crutch. His wife and child were ever in his mind; and the throbbings of his heart would not suffer him to remain longer in his present situation. He set off with a resolution worthy of the character he had sustained, and arrived at the adjoining port. A ship, which would have taken him within a mile of his home, had just sailed. He saw her at a distance. The wind,

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as if enjoying his disappointment, wafted her far from his eager eyes. A tear trickled down his cheek: he stood unconsciously gazing on the ocean. Oh, how trying to the heart were his emotions! Ye whose tenderest hopes have been blasted by a disappointment like this; *ye* need no description: but ye favorites of fortune, whose lives have been a continued scene of enjoyment, I would gladly—But, alas! I am unable. Ye have hearts—ye have feelings—consult them; they cannot fail to shew you the picture.

While his anguish thus rivetted him to the ground, he was perceived by a youth, who advanced, and taking him by the hand, enquired, with that eagerness which bespoke his generosity, the cause of his dejection. William was unable to answer him; but the silent herald of his sorrow stood on his countenance. It was enough: the benevolent youth took him by the arm, and led him to the adjoining tavern. Here the particulars of his disappointment were made known. Humanity was not to slumber: that celestial spark which ennobles man, now glowed in the bosom of his kind benefactor. He procured him a passage in a vessel, which set him ashore not a great distance from his Mary: twelve miles. Alas! twelve miles was a great distance for *him*. It was in the afternoon. He could not afford to procure any further conveyance: occasional necessities had nearly exhausted the reward of his services: and to return to Mary, seeking that protection which she had a right to demand of him—to return to her maimed and pennyless! these reflections unmanned him. Hope, that balm of unmerited misfortune, came to his relief; and, urged by the impulse of his feelings, he struggled with all his pains till he completed nine miles of the journey: he then felt himself so worn out, that, however contrary to his inclinations, he was obliged to sit down to rest. Night was now far advanced; the elements were pitiless of his forlorn situation. He

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was suddenly seized with a deadly coldness: he trembled, and his whole frame was convulsed. When the first agonies of this fatal attack had subsided, he so far recovered his senses, as to be able to discover the peril of his situation. He hurried himself on, in spite of his sufferings, and arrived at Mary's cottage. It was the night that the watch had fallen. The emotions of the crisis overcame him: faint, breathless, he breathed, "Mary," and sunk to the ground.

Mary had awoke, and discovered her situation. She found herself in the embraces of her child. While she was kissing its rosy lip, a groan struck her ears. She lay trembling with terror, till a thought of William rushed into her mind. She dropped on her knees: "Oh, Fountain of mercy, and hope of the unfortunate, (said she,) save him—restore him." Half frantic with fear and apprehension, she ran to the door. It was past midnight: the moon was obscured by a cloud. A solemn silence reigned over the face of Nature. Melancholy succeeded to fear. She accused herself of folly. The moon now shone in silver purity. Mary looked around; and beheld—her William—her husband—pale———— lifeless————

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Since then—how bitter the recollection!—I have seen Mary at one time brushing from the earth, the hoary mantle of a winter's morn, mourning to the winds. At another—seated on the cold and wave-worn rock, smiling on the buffeting of the unrelenting elements. Unhappy pair! your sorrows shall not be forgotten. The flowerets on your grave shall long imbibe the tear of humanity; while the soft emotions of compassion waft a sigh to Heaven; offerings which the authors of your disasters may envy, but never will obtain.

Durham. PERCIVAL.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE.

October 29.

TO-NIGHT, a new Comedy was performed for the first time, called *A Prior Claim*. It is the joint production of HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq. the Poet Laureat, and his son-in-law, MR. ARNOLD. The characters were thus represented:

Henry Mortimer - - -	MR. ELLISTON.
Colonel Raymond - - -	MR. BARRYMORE.
Sir William Freeman - -	MR. DOWTON.
Mr. Lounger - - - - -	MR. PALMER.
Young Freeman - - -	MR. DECAMP.
Patrick O'Shatter - - -	MR. JOHNSTONE.
Robin Ploughshare - -	MR. COLLINS.
Allen M'Gregor - - -	MR. DORMER.
Maria Freeman - - -	MISS DUNCAN.
Emily M'Donald - - -	MRS. H. SIDDONS.
Fanny O'Shatter - - -	MISS DECAMP.

The play commences with ringing of bells in a country village, preparatory to the nuptials of *Henry Mortimer* and *Miss Freeman*, the daughter of *Sir William*, which were to take place on that day. It appears that *Miss Freeman*, five years before, had been engaged to a *Colonel Raymond*, who went abroad, and is supposed to have been killed at the storming of Seringapatam. As an excuse for her second attachment, we are told, that she was very young; that the *Colonel* was the choice of her father, and of a grave disposition; that, upon her acquaintance with *Henry*, she found she had never loved him; and that the sentiments she felt, were those of friendship and admiration for his many virtues. When the account of his death arrived, it was a release;

and the lovers looked forward to their approaching happiness with all the warmth of mutual affection. The villagers are met, the favours are distributed, when the gallant *Colonel* arrives, and claims his mistress. *Mortimer* refuses to resign her; until *Sir William*, who had been an officer, and retired to the country, where he had joined his rustic neighbours to meet the foe as a volunteer, jealous of his honor, and his word, once pledged, claims from his daughter the execution of her engagement with *Colonel Raymond*. An interview takes place, in which she determines not to marry the *Colonel*, or any other person, unless he releases her from her obligation. The interest is much excited by a farewell scene between the lovers, which *Colonel Raymond* is a witness to, when he foregoes his claim, and joins their hands. There is an under-plot, composed of *Young Freeman* and a very interesting young lady, *Emily*, the companion of his sister, whom he wishes to make his mistress; but, converted by her virtue, and her charms, he offers to make her his wife. *Emily* rejects the offer. An old Scotchman arrives, proclaims her an heiress; and then comes her turn to *woo*, which she did with the most polished grace, and not in vain. *Mr. Lounger*, a Bond Street *beau* of the most extravagant order, accompanies *Young Freeman* to the country, and gives an opportunity for some severe satire against the eccentricities of modern fashion. An Irish servant, his wife, *Fanny*, and a rustic, *Robin*, are introduced as a relief to the serious scenes. From these very simple materials, without any one striking incident, is produced a Comedy, that received throughout the most unbounded approbation, with the exception of two or three party hisses, which were soon lost in the general applause. The language is elegant and classical; the sentiments are beautiful and refined; and the moral is excellent. Miss Duncan's part was admirably suited to her talents. In the early scenes she was lively, playful, and engaging; and,

in those of pathos, there was not a bosom in the house that did not sympathise with her gentle sorrows. She sang a most beautiful air, which was honored with repeated *bravos*, and rapturously *encored*. Mrs. H. Siddons was extremely interesting in *Emily*. Miss Decamp had a song in *Fanny O'Shatter*, which she gave in her best manner, and made the most of her trifling part. Mr. Elliston, Mr. Dowton, and Mr. Barrymore, exerted themselves to the utmost, to give force to the very little assigned them. Mr. Decamp's part was the most prominent in the male cast of the play. Mr. Palmer was admirably dressed, and gave an excellent caricature of a Bond Street Lounger. Mr. Johnstone was quite at home in the Irishman: the part, however, did not possess any novelty. He sang a parody of the old song of *The Willow Tree* with much effect. Mr. Decamp spoke the Prologue, which turned on the prevailing taste for novelty.

EPILOGUE, SPOKEN BY MISS DUNCAN.

Thank Heav'n, my face at liberty, again
My tongue can amble in a nimbler strain.
I love the laugh, and so, indeed, do *you:*
Tho' now and then, you love the serious too.
As Prologues ne'er the ensuing scenes betray,
But only ask your mercy for the play;
So useless, sure, for Epilogue to show
Those incidents you all already know:
More useless still your mercy to implore,
Judgment once pass'd, and execution o'er.
From your decision no appeal we claim;
Your censure, candid; but your plaudits, fame.
We hail the hour propitious, that recalls
Once more your welcome presence to these walls;
From rural sports and theatres, again
To grace the ample seats of Drury Lane.
No longer cits the briny breeze enjoy,
In crowded cabin of a Margate hoy.
Donkies now mourn, their envied triumph o'er,
By beauty's precious burthen press'd no more;
Unless some fashionable nymph will show
How well they tittup it in Rotten Row.
Having, like sheep, within one penfold fenc'd ye,
To-night two Authors set their wits against ye:

Tho' too much brains, they say, one head may fetter;
Yet all men own, two heads than one are better.
Yon critic, in bob-wig, so round and small,
Cries, Humph! *two* heads *may* have no brains at all!
For tho' the simile my nature shocks,
One head, like mine, is better than two blocks.
I fear one fault our title has—You'll say,
It really seems connected with the play—
Yet different minds it differently will strike;
All lay a *prior claim* to what they like.
Miss in her teens, and Miss in years well sped,
All, all assert the *prior claim* to wed.
Shouts the old soldier, Mine *the claim*, 'tis plain,
To meet the foe, and drive him back again.
Avast! (cries Jack;) our *prior claim* shall stand
To thresh the lubbers ere they reach the land.
Huzza! (then roars the mob,) we'll all advance
Our *prior claim* to quell the pride of France.
In one compacted body will we stand,
Zeal in each heart, and arms in ev'ry hand,
To crush th' Usurper on our native land!
(Going, returns.)
But, soft—a word before I haste away—
This from our Authors, for this evening's play:
They know your lib'ral voice, to justice true,
And leave their cause to candour and to you.
Should you approve, they're proud your taste to hit;
Should you condemn, they mourn it, and submit.

COVENT-GARDEN.

November 14.

To-night, a new Comedy, in five acts, called *The Delinquent, or Seeing Company,* was performed for the first time. It is from the prolific pen of MR. REYNOLDS, and bears so strong a likeness to his former pieces, that the author could not be mistaken.

The Delinquent - - -	MR. KEMBLE.
Sir Edward Specious - -	MR. BRUNTON.
Major Tornado - - -	MR. MUNDEN.
Old Doric - - - - -	MR. FAWCETT.
Young Doric - - - -	MR. LEWIS.

Dorville

Dorville - - - - - - -	Mr. Claremont.
Tradelove - - - - - -	Mr. Atkins.
Old Nicholas - - - - -	Mr. Liston.
Tom Tackle - - - - -	Mr. Emery.
Olivia - - - - - - -	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Miss Stoic - - - - - -	Mrs. Dibdin.
Mrs. Aubrey - - - - -	Mrs. Gibbs.

FABLE.

Sir Edward Specious, on his travels, meets with *The Delinquent*, in a poor Italian inn, almost perishing for want, and knows him to be the man who wronged and betrayed his father: but, burying in oblivion all past injuries, he offers to protect him, and bring him to England, where *The Delinquent* secretly wishes to come, for the sake of seeking his lost treasure. They arrive; and, in the first act, it appears that *The Delinquent* has bound himself to execute whatever his patron orders; and *Sir Edward* having fallen in love with *Miss Olivia Tornado*, who is at school at *Mrs. Aubrey's*, and who thwarts him in his designs, he orders *The Delinquent* to arrest her for money due to him for rent, thus hoping to get *Olivia* in his power; but, being disappointed, owing to *Young Doric's* system of seeing company, he commands *The Delinquent* to bear her on board his yacht, who at first hesitates; but *Sir Edward* telling him that he shall sail to Northumberland, the very county where he expects to find the lost treasure that he seeks, and to gain which he has re-visited England, at all hazard, he consents; and, in the fourth act, when on the point of forcing *Olivia* on board the yacht, *The Delinquent* finds she is his own daughter, the very treasure that he sought. Afterwards, in the fifth act, he is persuaded, by *Major Tornado*, to deliver *Olivia* to the care of *Mrs. Aubrey*, who proves to be the wife of *The Delinquent*, whom he thought

dead; and who, having reduced him to disgrace and beggary, turns governess to her daughter, on purpose to teach her to avoid those errors she has herself fallen a victim to. They are consequently reconciled; and, by the penitence of *Sir Edward*, and the benevolence of *Major Tornado*, *The Delinquent* is restored to freedom and prosperity.

The comic part of the play consists of the quarrels and reconciliation of *Old* and *Young Doric*, architects, and partners: and, whilst *Lady Courcy* (*The Delinquent's* wife) ruins her husband by *seeing company*, *Young Doric* is made by it; for, in the end, he gets trade, and the hand of *Olivia*.

In these very simple materials there is no novelty of character, nor of incident. The parts, as in this Author's former productions, are written for the present performers, and the interest arises from the satire upon the prominent foibles of the day. *Seeing company* in fashionable life, with the manner of doing it, was that taken by the Author last night. There was not, however, an idea that had not been retailed before. The two first acts went off extremely well; but the third and fourth were flat and tedious, and met with much disapprobation. The excellent and interesting performance of Mr. Kemble, however, gave a most fortunate turn to the fifth. The play concluded with much applause, and was announced, by Mr. Lewis, for future representation, amidst repeated *bravos* and plaudits. *Olivia* is a *child of Nature;* loses her heart, at first sight, to a young man, without knowing who or what he is, and has been supported by an unknown benefactor. At a ball she meets him, dances with him, and becomes attached to him. An *eclaircissement* takes place; and in old *Major Tornado* she finds the protector assigned by her grandfather, *Lord Danvers*, when dying of his wounds in India. This is a forced situation, and loses all interest from its improbability. It is also extremely unnatural, that *The Delinquent*, whom

whom we are informed is a gentleman of high blood, and talks of honor and fine sentiment, should, for a paltry consideration, be prevailed upon to become an accessary to the lawless passion of *Sir Edward Specious*, and carry off, by force, an interesting young woman, such as he hoped to find his child, and who, it appears, is really so. *Old Doric* is a very faint sketch of *Old Rapid;* but wanted coloring and richness; nor could that excellent performer, Mr. Fawcett, do any thing for it. *Young Doric*, the part written for Mr. Lewis, does not differ from all those assigned him in the other modern comedies: he bustled through it with much effect. *Major Tornado* is that sort of worthy old gentleman Mr. Munden is so happy in delineating. The only attempt at originality of character was *Tom Tackle*, a Yorkshire sailor, become jockey, which was filled by Mr. Emery with his usual excellence. Mr. Brunton gave all the interest possible to *Sir Edward Specious*. Mrs. Gibbs was very interesting in *Mrs. Aubrey*. Mrs. H. Johnston was loudly greeted on her entrance. She performed with much spirit, and was extremely impressive. She looked very well, and spoke the Epilogue with just emphasis, and good effect. At the conclusion, she threw off a satin drapery, and displayed a purple apron, with *Nelson*, richly embroidered in gold on it, and the naval insignia. In her head-dress she wore a pearl ornament, representing a ship, and repeated some lines to the memory of the departed Hero, Lord Nelson, with much energy and feeling. The house was quite full.

Mr. Brunton spoke the Prologue, which, in strong terms, urged the claims of the author to the indulgence of the house, to the amusement of which he had so often contributed.

THE

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

London Redivivum; or, an Ancient History and Modern Description of London: compiled from Parochial Records, Archives of various Foundations, the Harleian MSS. and other authentic Sources. By James Peller Malcolm. Vols. II. & III. 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d. pp.* 1196.

Mr. Malcolm's plan is, not to give us any thing we had before, to select his materials from original sources, and to avoid all interference with such printed information, as may be supposed to be already in the hands of every person conversant, or who wishes to be conversant, in the history of London. No intention could be more fair, or honorable, to the author's diligence; and, from a very careful perusal of his three volumes, it appears that, except on some very particular occasions, he has rarely departed from his plan. Still, we must likewise add, with respect to the general merit of the work, that the reader is not to expect a detail similar to that of Stowe, or of Maitland, or of Pennant. They are to consider these volumes as a repository of materials, rather than as a regular flowing history; but these materials are at the same time so happily arranged, and selected with so much attention, not only to what is important, but to what is true, that while they may be consulted with the utmost ease, they must lay all future inquirers, for whatever purpose, under the strongest obligations.

Literary Journal.

A Tour in America, in 1798, 1799, *and* 1800. *Exhibiting Sketches of Society and Manners, and a particular Account of the American System of Agriculture, with its recent Improvements. By Richard Parkinson, late of Orange Hill, near Baltimore. Author of the Experienced Farmer, &c. Two Vols.* 8*vo.* 15*s.*

This tour is both amusing and instructive, as it presents to us a picture of the appearances which America, in its present state, must necessarily exhibit to certain classes of our countrymen. The reports

reports which have been circulated by our countrymen, who have emigrated to that quarter of the globe, are very different: if we believe the reports of some, it is a paradise, a land of promise, overflowing with every means of enjoyment; but if we believe others, who have viewed it in the same light as our author, we must conclude that "from Dan to Beersheba, all, all is barrenness!" Yet these very different reports may be accounted for, without suspecting any bad faith in the narrators, or that they represent things in any other colours than they have really appeared to them. One portion of the emigrants who quit this country for America, are men who have been accustomed to earn little more than the mere necessaries of life, by the hardest labor; who, nevertheless, by bestowing this labor on small farms, rented by themselves, have been able to maintain themselves in a condition superior to that of menial servants; and who, upon being deprived of these farms, and finding nothing remaining for them in their own country, but menial service, have gone to search for independence in a foreign land. To such men America presents the most gratifying objects. *Literary Journal.*

Poems. By P. L. Courtier. Vol. II. 12*mo.*

We had the satisfaction of giving early praise to Mr. Courtier's Pleasures of Solitude: we had the increased satisfaction of repeating that well-earned tribute, in the progressive improvement of the poem: and we have at present the gratification of knowing that our praise has been sanctioned by the public voice, since three editions of the poem have already been called for. From the Pleasures of Solitude, Mr. C. has now transferred his poetic attention to those of society; of society within its more attractive limits,—the sphere of amatory attachment, of social feeling, or of playful fancy.

> He who of SOLITUDE e'erwhile
> Not vainly sung, now courts the smile
> Of BEAUTY; now attunes his lyre
> To plaintive strains, and soft desire!

Such is the denotation of the bard himself; and it is but justice to declare, that in these lyric strains, he has displayed a versatility of talent, and a variety of intellectual resource, not less creditable to the writer, than amusing to the reader who covets diversity of mental entertainment. *Monthly Mirror.*

The Life of C. G. Lamoignon Malesherbes, formerly first President of the Court of Aids, and Minister of State, Member of the Academy, &c. Translated from the French. By Edward Mangin. 12*mo. pp.* 245. *3s. sewed.*

These

These pages exhibit the outlines of a character distinguished most eminently by purity and worth; and, at the same time, recommended by all the advantages which are conferred by family, rank, and accomplishments, both elegant and solid. Europe, in the eighteenth century, does not furnish an individual of greater interest; and on whose history the mind dwells with more satisfaction and delight. The narrative has little to boast, on the score of method or arrangement; but, as it details the most interesting passages in the life of such a man, it cannot fail to engage attention, and is intitled to a considerable share of our notice.

Monthly Review.

Naufragia; or, Historical Memoirs of Shipwrecks, and the Providential Deliverance of Vessels. By J. S. Clark, F. A. S. 12*mo.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

The history of the perils and escapes of seamen, is universally pleasing; and, in many respects, pregnant with good lessons. It has been thought very important for seamen themselves, furnishing them with many resources and motives to hope and exertion, in the awful circumstances in which they are often involved. It is with a view to these good effects, that the present collection has been made. It will, no doubt, answer, to a great degree, the purposes which such an undertaking is calculated to serve. There is little room to doubt, that a better collection might have been made. But it cannot be denied, that there is none so good as yet in the English language. *Literary Journal.*

Belville House; a Novel in Two Volumes. 8*vo.* 8*s.*

A fair friend of ours, and of great experience and sagacity in the novel line, happened to call the other morning, whilst Belville House was on the table in the act of being read.—"Oh dear, Mr. Reviewer!" exclaimed the lively creature, "have you read Belville House?" "No, Madam; have you?" "Oh yes, Sir, indeed I have, and I hope you will speak favorably of it, for I have found it very amusing." As our female friend is a respectable judge in these matters, the reader and the author shall mutually have the benefit of her opinion. *British Critic.*

Observations on Indecent Sea-Bathing, as practised at different Watering-Places on the Coasts of this Kingdom. 12*mo. pp.* 12. 3*d.*

These observations first appeared in the form of a letter, to the Editor of "the SUN," who inserted them in his paper, and subjoined some very pertinent and judicious remarks of his own. The practice of which the author complains, has certainly become very prevalent of late; and calls loudly for exposure and suppression. It consists in the want of a due separation of the bathing machines,

machines, used by women, from those used by men; or of those convenient canvas screens, which are affixed to the machines at Margate, and some few other places? and which ought to be generally adopted. From this neglect, women have the appearance, as this writer observes, of bathing promiscuously with men. "At Teignmouth, at Dawlish, and at Exmouth, the bathing-machines, used by the ladies and the gentlemen, though destitute of awning, *are not separated*, and the sexes may be said to bathe promiscuously. At Sidmouth, indeed, the sets of machines are separated; but the distance between them is so small, that it seems rather an apology than a homage to decency. Weymouth I have not yet visited; but there I understand the laws of decency are respected." At Exmouth, we are told, a magistrate interfered to prevent this violation of decency, and the machines were for a time separated; but, as the bathing women asserted to the said magistrate, they were restored to their former proximity, *at the express desire of the ladies themselves!!!* *Anti-Jacobin.*

Poems; and Runnamede, a Tragedy. By the Rev. John Logan, F. R. S. Edinburgh. One of the Ministers of Leith. A new Edition, with a Life of the Author. 12mo. Price 4s. 6d.

It is comparatively but seldom that we can introduce a poetical collection among our principal articles. We gladly do it when we can. The author of the present work is unhappily, for his friends and the public, now no more; but his poetry will ever be admired. Mr. Logan was the editor of a collection of poems, published in 1770, under the title of Poems on several Occasions, by Michael Bruce; but he is better known by writing a pamphlet in vindication of Mr. Hastings, which made a great impression on the public mind. *British Critic.*

Occasional Discourses, with Copious Annotations. By Richard Munkhouse, D. D. Three Vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

The subject of most of these discourses, are such as arose from the nature of the occasional fasts and festivals, which in the course of the last twelve years have been appointed to be solemnized by royal proclamation. Some of the sermons are designed to recommend certain institutions, which appeared to the author to be well calculated to promote the ends of benevolence, and to diffuse that spirit of charity and philanthropy, which it is the great object of the Christian religion to disseminate and enforce. From the nature of the subjects of the discourses, or at least from the occasions on which they were delivered, political topics were necessarily introduced; not, as the author says, for the purpose of introducing politics into religion, but with a view to enforce religion into politics; and the duties of loyalty and patriotism, by laying their foundation on religious principles. *Literary Journal.*

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

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WALKING DRESS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
21
17
JUN

The Apollonian Wreath.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE IMMORTAL NELSON.

[See the Wood Engraving.]

MOURN, mourn, Britannia! Britain's sons, lament:
Daughters of Albion, shed the anguish'd tear;
Check not your feelings, give your sorrows vent
For Nelson, laid on his untimely bier.

Belov'd, ill-fated hero! England's pride!
What can repay us for thy mournful loss?
Tho' Victory in our fleet doth proudly ride,
Yet doth thy death our great rejoicings cross.

The blaze which ought to mark old England's joy,
Each eye beholds it with a trembling tear;
And as reflection prompts the rising sigh,
All hearts proclaim the victory bought *too dear*.

Who can rejoice? Tho' great, indeed, the gain
By thy bold arm and dauntless mind achiev'd,
Still must thy country of thy fate complain,
For ever of thy services bereav'd.

Not unreveng'd, brave Chief, thy death will be:
The valiant tars, who saw their FRIEND laid low,
Have round thy ashes lowly bent the knee,
And sworn to hurl destruction on the foe.

Oh! may their arms still conquer as before;
And hovering o'er them thy blest spirit be:
Then shall Fame's trump proclaim, from shore to shore,
Britannia still reigns Mistress of the Sea.

To thy lov'd mem'ry tho' the nation rears
The sculptur'd stone, their gratitude to prove,
Thy best embalment is thy country's tears;
Thy lasting monument thy country's love.

SUSAN.

A POETIC EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR,

In consequence of his having rejected some Lines offered to a Friend, with the Present of a Sword, from their not being complimentary *to the* fair Sex.*

AND so, Mr. Editor, you are found out!
And, instead of an *old man* laid up with the gout,
I find you a spark, whose business and trade is
To whisper soft things in the ears of the ladies.
Yet *friendship*, good Sir, has oft been a theme,
Which you have adorn'd with additional gleam;
Or, in fact, have arrayed in language so bright,
That the passion appear'd more effulgently light.
The lines on the Sword you disdain and reject,
Because they pourtray neither love or respect
To the *fair* of this Isle, who, in truth, I admire,
As much as the gallantest swain could desire.
But friendship and love, allow me to say,
Have each their admirers, and each have their day.
The latter is past: for, at sixty and five
The passion of love is seldom alive;
But the former still glows as warm in my veins
As when *Twenty-one* gave to Passion the reins:
And in giving a sword to the friend of my heart,
I gave him a wish, untinctur'd by art.
The wish you reject, and the lines you despise,
Which, in truth, my good Sir, must excite some surprise.
Surprise! did I say? the term's misapplied;
You have piqu'd my *poetics*, and wounded my *pride*.
And, unless, in a contrite and penitent strain,
You acknowledge the fault, and declare that again
You ne'er will offend, may I die, if I mount
On Pegasus more, or drink at the fount Whose

* See the Address to Correspondents in the last Number.

Whose waters inhaling, are said to inspire
Conceptions sublime, and poetical fire.
But, lest you should fancy the sex I disdain,
Allow me to say, could I live o'er again
Those years which are past, I vow and declare,
I'd devote the whole number to serving the fair.
And that sword which this arm can no longer unsheath,
From Time having bound round my head a white wreath,
Should be drawn in their cause, or in that of a friend,
On whom I could always rely and depend.
In that of my King it has often been us'd,
But never by honor's false notions abus'd.
No duellist's blood e'er incrusted that blade,
Which in silence the foes of my country has laid.
But when Britain's foes shall this country assail,
The sword of my friend, I am sure, will not fail.

STANZAS TO AMBITION.

'TIS not thy fickle charms to share,
O, stern Ambition! that I bend;
I court thee not, capricious fair,
Or ask of thee one boon to send.
Could'st thou, indeed, stay Pleasure's wing,
And but prolong Life's fleeting hour,
Or to the mind soft comfort bring,
Then I might own thy boundless pow'r.

But since I know thy wav'ring state,
Thy fancy'd joys, how vain they be,
What sorrows on thy smiles await,
Shall I bestow one thought on thee?
Haste, then, to tinsell'd Folly, haste!
And round her brows thy chaplet twine,
Whilst I retire—an humble guest,
To quaff more grateful sweets than thine.

For, let but Prudence o'er me sway,
And bid each sordid hope subside;
Let Virtue steer me on my way,
As on Contentment's stream I glide;
I seek no more!—for these will give
Those dear delights I justly prize:
Thro' life they'll teach me how to live,
And ev'ry worthless care despise.

Liverpool, October, 1805. J——A B—WD—N.

HENRY'S ADIEU TO ELLEN'S TOMB.

I.

ADIEU, blest maid! in silence sleep
While Henry plows the main,
And on the bosom of the deep
Pours forth his mournful strain.

II.

Had Fortune but on Ellen smil'd,
Then Henry had been blest:
But she, alas! was Sorrow's child—
By poverty oppress'd.

III.

Stern friends forbade that I should love,
Because the maid was poor;
And from her home they friendless drove
Poor Ellen of the Moor.

IV.

Unknown, unfriended, and alone,
Sad grief had fill'd her breast;
And soon, alas! poor Ellen sunk
To peace and silent rest.

V.

Adieu, dear shade, a long adieu;
We part to meet no more.
Unto a far, far distant clime
Thy Henry will be bore.

VI.

My friends, alas! too late relent
Their cruelty to thee.
In yonder sky we soon shall meet,
And ever blest shall be.

VII.

And may some billow gently bear
My corpse unto this shore,
That so in death we may be join'd,
And then we part no more.

MARIAN.

LET LIFE BE ONE LESSON OF LOVE.

IT is not, oh! Nancy, thy numberless charms
That so sweetly enchant ev'ry swain,
Would alone bid me ask me to come to thy arms,
Or would soothe the sad bosom of pain.

For could beauty do this with one soul-piercing gaze,
Then the fairest, alas! might be bought;
But on Grief her bright torch would in vain spread its blaze,
Unless Beauty by Reason was taught.

Thus, Nancy, in thee each mild elegance blends,
With sense and with Beauty's blest pow'r;
And thy dove-like demeanour each fierce passion bends,
While thy softness must soothe ev'ry hour.

Still my pen cannot trace half the charms of thy mind,
But whole years all its beauties might prove:
Then with mine, dearest Nancy, your fate firmly bind,
And let Life be one Lesson of Love.

Nov. 7, 1805. J. M. L.

LINES
ADDRESSED TO A LADY,
Who expressed a Wish to remain in a State of Indifference.

DOTH Rosa, then, hope that her bosom may prove
All proof against Pity's sensations?
Would she wish to suppress the fine feelings of love,
And be chill to its tender vibrations?

Can a breast such as hers, where the virtues unite,
So insensate and languid remain,
As never to throb with one anxious delight,
But be steel'd both to pleasure and pain?

Surely, no! for I fain would but think she intends,
By this silly disguise of the mind,
Nothing more than to try the true state of her friends,
Or some obdurate passion to bind.

If so, then away with that ill-natur'd frown,
And clear up that stoical feature;
For, believe me, the heart that such coldness can own,
Disgraces what's lovely in nature.

Liverpool,
Nov. 1st, 1805. J——A B—WD—N.

CHARADE.

A YELPING, useless, snarling thing,
You'll find to be *my First:*
And though domestic, 'tis, no doubt,
Of animals the worst.

My Second makes the ladies sigh,
When seen about their dress;
'Tis what a landlord likes full well,
Though tenants like it less.

In some clear river's rapid stream,
My Whole you're sure to see.
No puzzle hard I here unfold;
Ye fair, then, answer me.

J. M. L.

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

NO poring sage am I, with wisdom blest;
But stand a simple son of song confest;
Yet will I strive, though chance must guide my way,
To answer true, your enigmatic lay.
When the Creator issu'd his command,
To form from chaos, ocean, air, and land,
'Midst the unnumber'd offsprings of his work,
He gave to man the light and useful *Cork:*
And when the whirling blast o'er ocean flies,
When sailors look for land with longing eyes;
When the unbridled Demon of the North
Sweeps o'er the wave, and lets his terrors forth;
Then on the mountain billow safely rides
The buoyant *Cork*, and mocks the angry tides.
And if, perchance, beneath the wat'ry plain
The *Cork* is forc'd, it quick appears again.
Spirits, sad evil spirits too, I fear,
Brandy, or rum, Geneva, or strong beer,

In some dark vaulted cavern, under ground,
Confin'd by *Cork*, will very oft be found:
Some Bacchanalian hero breaks the spell,
And sets at liberty these spirits fell;
With a bright weapon forth the *Cork* he draws,
Who falls the victim of a corkscrew's claws:
Then down he drops in death upon the floor,
And his torn sides seem pity to implore.
Alas! he finds it not; for round him pour
The Sons of Riot, while some catch they roar;
And, 'stead of pity for the wretch's fate,
They drink and fight, and break each other's pate.
But oft administ'ring to milder joys,
The *Cork* escapes such scenes of babbling noise;
The silent angler, by some gentle stream,
Indulges oft his contemplative dream,
Watches his float of *Cork* through summer's day,
Intent to make the finny tribe his prey:
Sudden his expectation warmer glows;
A trem'lous motion now his *Cork*-float knows;
Sidelong it runs, then sinks below the tide:
He strikes, and lands his victim on the side.

Nov. 7th, 1805 J. M. L.

Correspondence, &c.

A Lady who signs Clementina, *has expressed a wish to have the* "School of Arts" *revived, which was carried on in some of the former Volumes of this Work. We can have no Objection to devote a Page to such Subjects as that consisted of, if we are furnished with them.*

We are obliged to the fair Correspondent who favoured us with a poetical Solution of the Enigma inserted in our last; but as only one could with Propriety appear, we are sure she will, without envy, behold that to which we have given the preference.

The "Verses sent with a Wedding Ring" *are received; and we would advise the Writer to rest contented with the valuable Prize he obtained, and not seek to increase his Happiness by superadding the Reputation of a Poet.*

"Verses to Eliza," "The School-Boy," "Address to Hope," a "Song, by Percival," "A Poetic Epistle," &c. *and* "Lines to the Parents of a young Lady," *shall appear in our next.*

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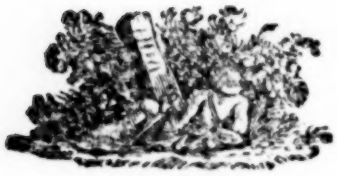
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